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"HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING."
1881
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Classical Designs for Outline Embroidery.
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FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

Listening for the New Year's Chimes.
"Beneath the Harvest Moon."
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February number, Fifty-two Engravings.
March number, Sixty-five Engravings.
April number, Forty-two Engravings.
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June number, Fifty-two Engravings.

MUSIC.

Grandmother's Chair.
Sunday Morning.
Sweet Love of Mine.
Rebecca at the Well.
Grafulla's Favorite Waltz.
District Quickstep.

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STELLA.

SEE THE STORY "LA CONTESSA"

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

HENRI THIRD EMBROIDERY. FOR CHAIR SEAT, SCREEN, &C. &C

Presented to the Subscribers of Peterson's Magazine as a New Year

LISTENING FOR THE NEW YEAR'S CHIMES. [*See the Poem.*]

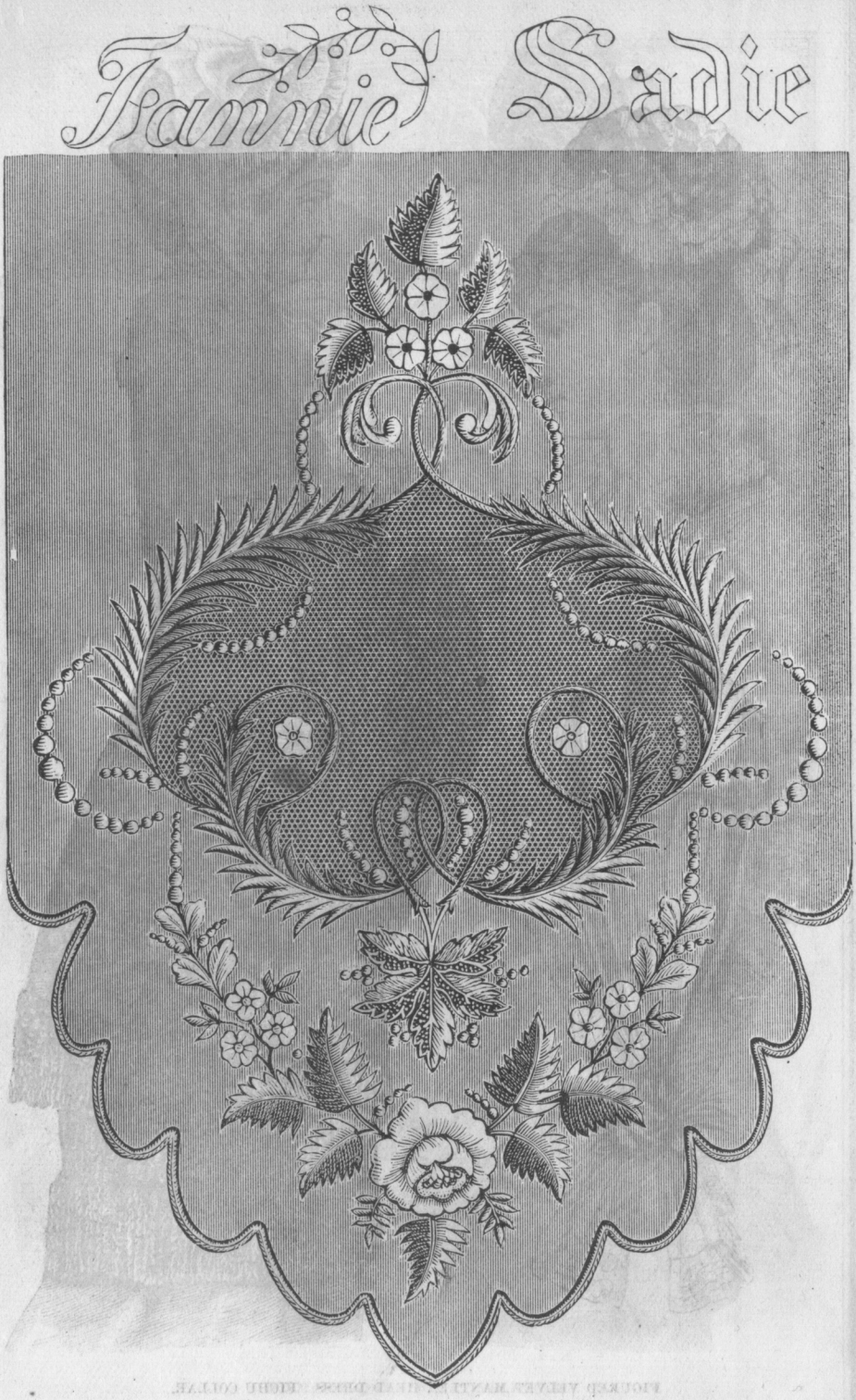
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. COLLAR AND CUFF.

WALKING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

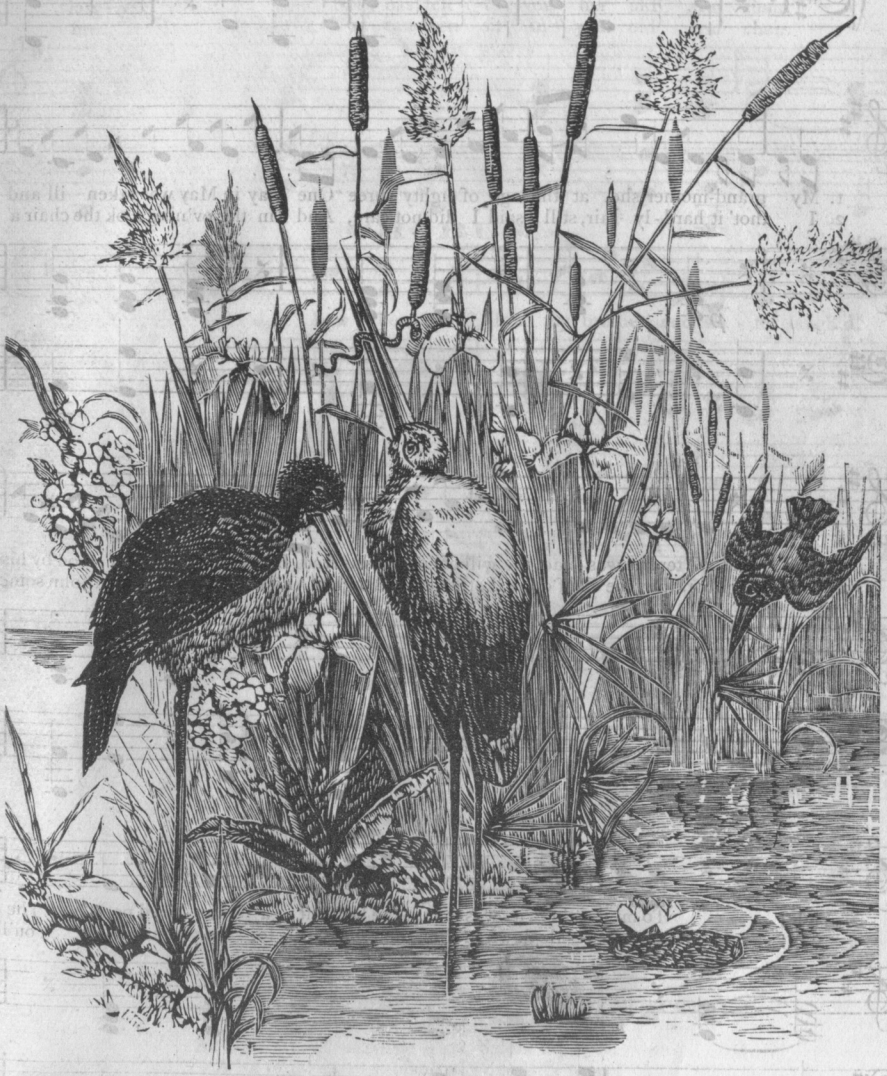
NEW STYLE WINTER WALKING DRESSES.

DOLMAN CLOAK. MUFF. PELERINE.

FIGURED VELVET MANTLE. HEAD DRESS. FICHU COLLAR.



DETAIL OF LAMP SHADE. NAMES FOR MARKING.

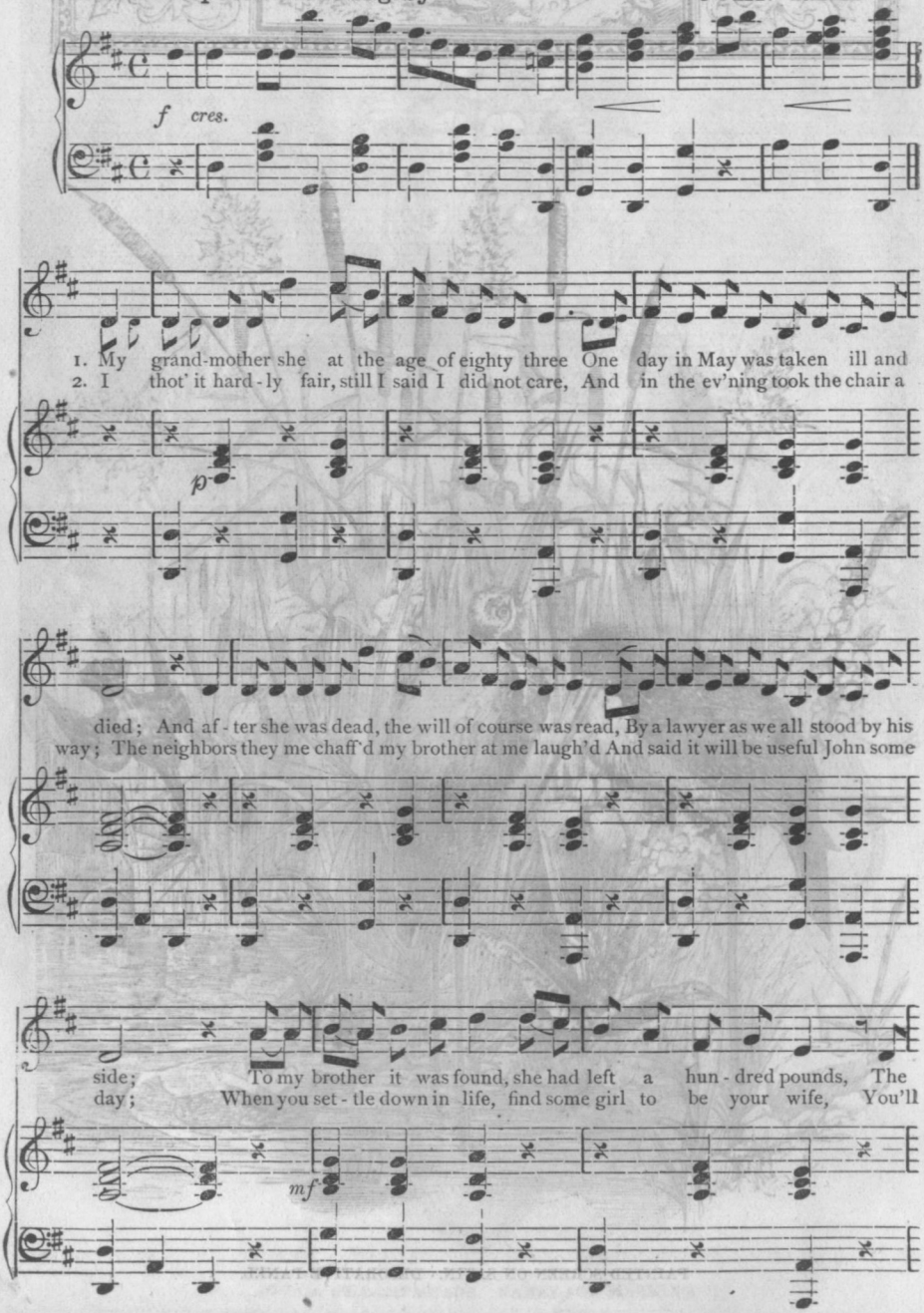


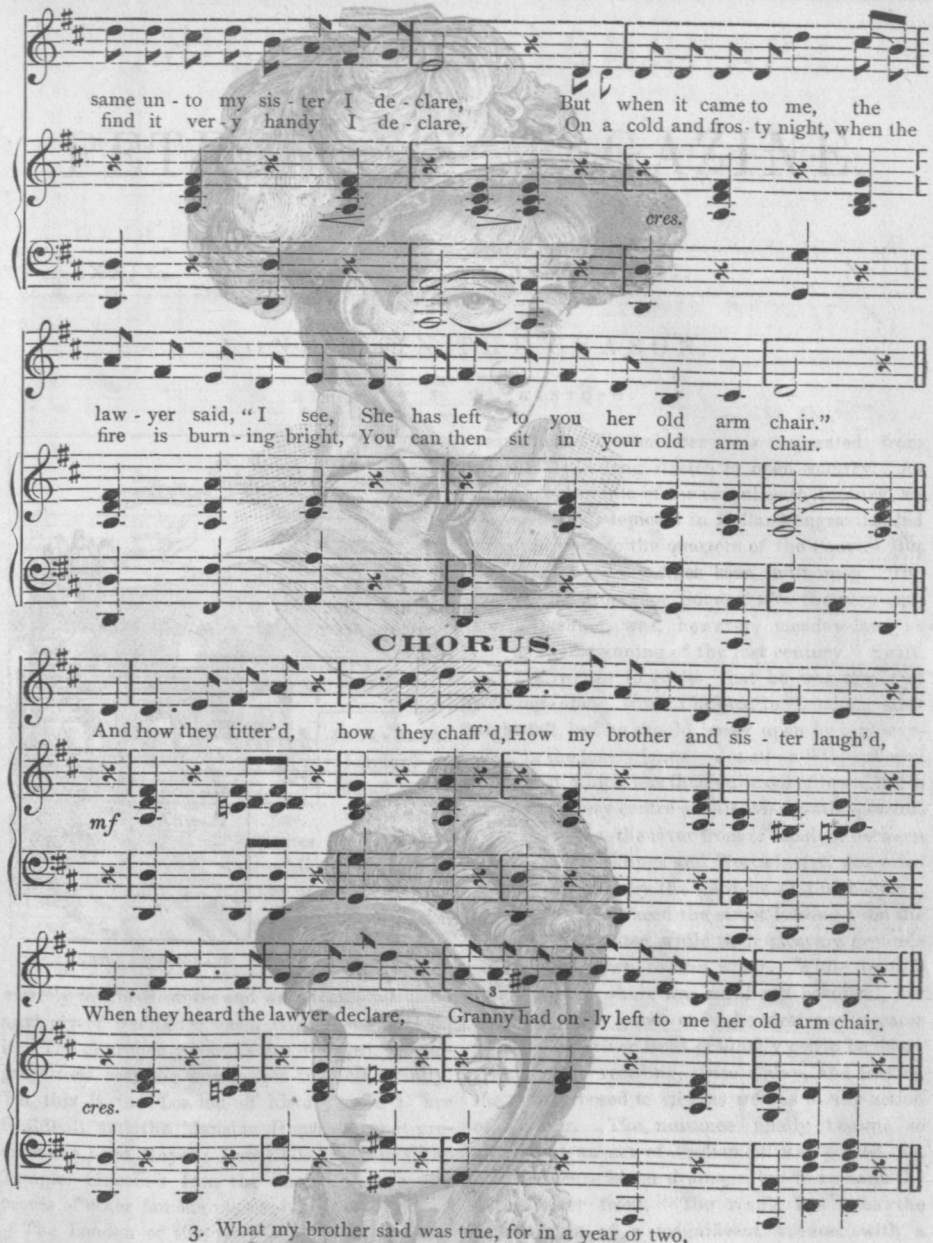
PAINTED SCREEN ON SATIN. DECORATIVE PANEL.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Written Composed and Sung by JOHN READ.

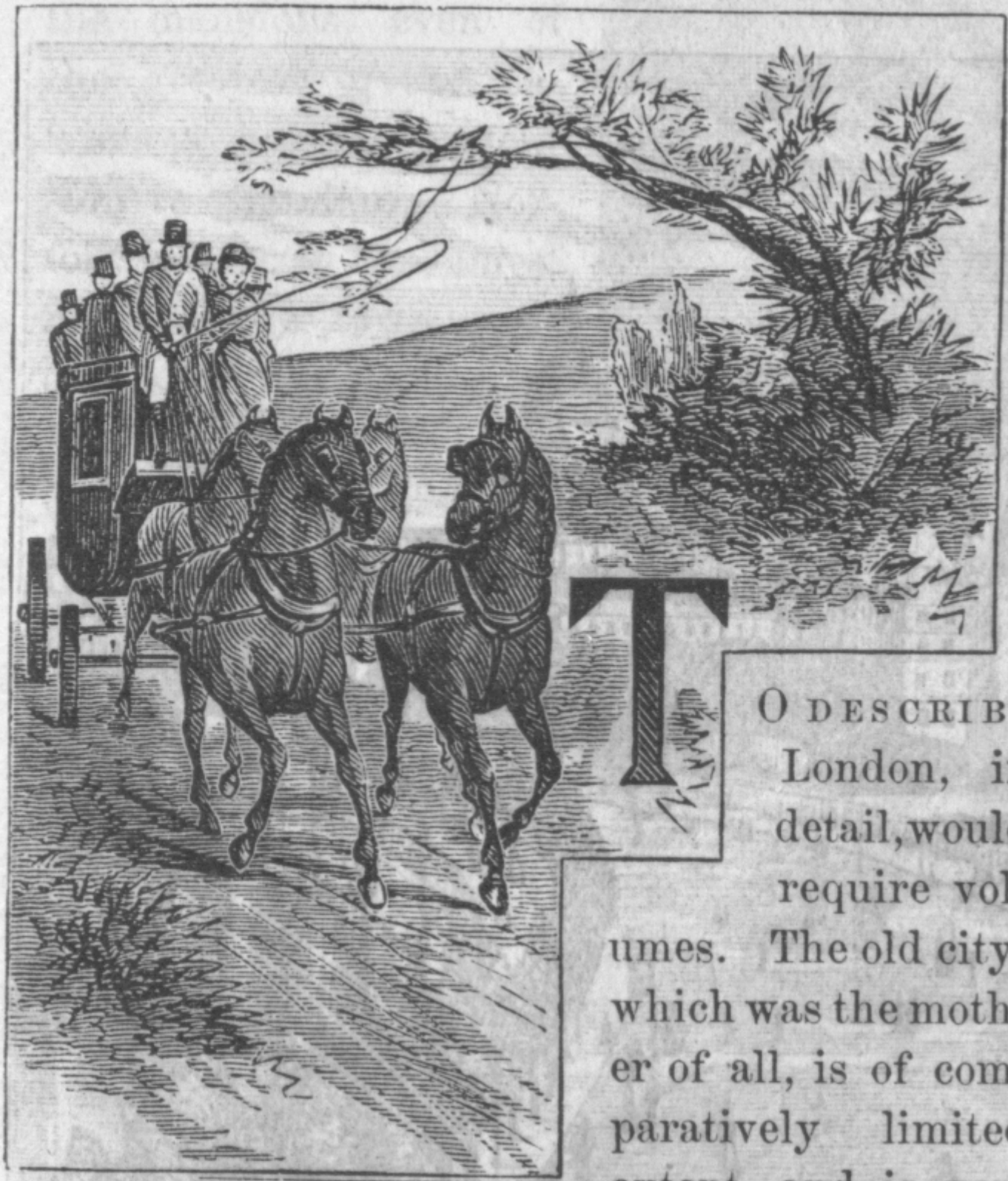




3. What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and when she was my wife;
The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,
For when my work was over I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,
And be seated in my old arm chair.—CHORUS.

4. One night the chair fell down, when I pick'd it up I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes,
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;
When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair.
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him "Jem,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?—CHORUS.

NEW STYLES FOR WINTER BONNETS.



THE BRIGHTON FOUR-IN-HAND.

TO DESCRIBE London, in detail, would require volumes. The old city, which was the mother of all, is of comparatively limited extent, and is now

The Parks of London are the most noticeable features of the West End. They begin with St. James' Park, the oldest of all, not far from the Parliament Houses. St. James' Park was famous as far back as the reign of Charles the Second, who walked in it daily, always stopping at the pond to feed the ducks. At the west end of this Park stands Buckingham Palace, separated from it, however, by a public road-way. Then come the Queen's gardens, belonging to the palace, and to the right of them, the Green Park. The Green Park extends to Hyde Park, though divided from it, at the upper end, by Piccadilly, a well-known fashionable thoroughfare. Hyde Park extends to Kensington, where it meets what are called the Kensington Gardens, though they are really as park-like as Hyde Park itself, and boast some of the finest trees to be found in England. These green spaces lie in the very heart of fashionable London, and cover hundreds of acres, Hyde Park itself having more than four hundred acres alone.

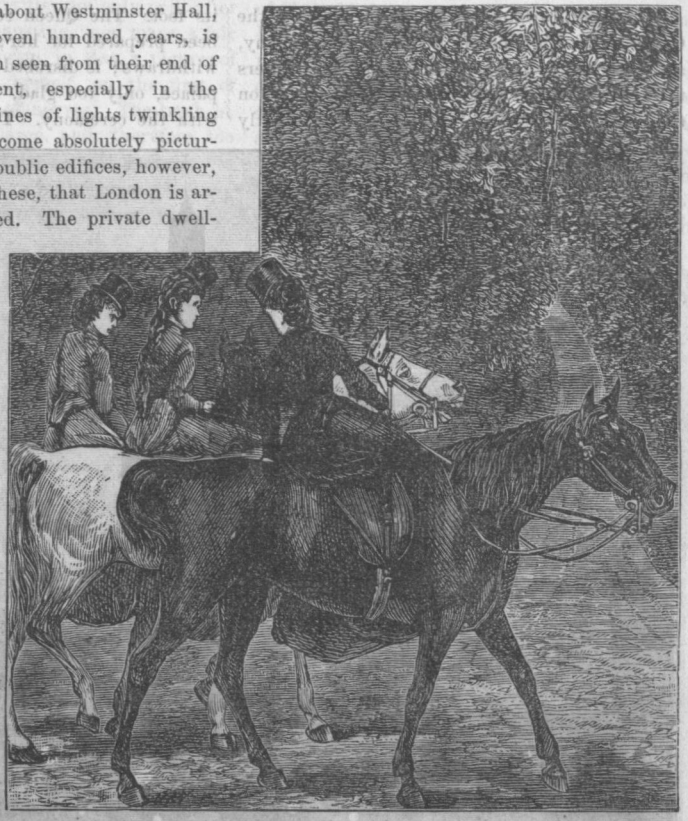
On a fine day, in the season, Hyde Park, which is the most central of these Parks, is crowded with equipages. The hour for the principal display is between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, when more fine horses, elegant carriages, and powdered coachmen and footmen

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S.

can be seen there than in all the other capitals of the world combined. Often, a score or two of four-in-hands are present, the owners, (dukes, marquises, earls, and gentlemen of fortune,) driving the horses themselves. The Prince of Wales not unfrequently sits on the box of one of these coaches, as a guest; and ladies of the highest rank crowd the roof of the coach; for no one, except sometimes a servant, occupies the inside. Earlier in the day, generally from one to two o'clock, is the fashionable time for equestrians. At this period, what is called the Ladies Mile, is thronged with fair riders on horseback, while pedestrians, principally of the upper classes, saunter about, or occupy chairs and look on. The four-in-hands, however, are not confined to Hyde Park. During the season, some of them are driven, as stage-coaches used to be driven, between London and various places in the country, such as to Seven-Oaks, Richmond, and even to Brighton, the noble owners tooling the horses themselves, and even accepting gratuities from passengers, just as an ordinary coachman would have done in the old times.

The Parliament Houses, built within the last generation, from designs by Sir Edward Barry, have often been severely criticised; but in the mass they are very imposing; and the skill with

which they are grouped about Westminster Hall, which has stood for seven hundred years, is beyond all praise. When seen from their end of the Thames Embankment, especially in the evening, with the long lines of lights twinkling along the river, they become absolutely picturesque. It is only in its public edifices, however, and not even in all of these, that London is architecturaly to be admired. The private dwellings, ordinarily, are excessively plain. With the exception of Stafford House, of Bridgewater House, and a few others, the mansions, even of the greatest of the patricians, have no pretension to grandeur. Norfolk House, in St. James' Square, the town residence of the Dukes of Norfolk, who are at the head of the English nobility, is a brick edifice, which, though spacious enough within, is almost quaker-like in its simplicity without.

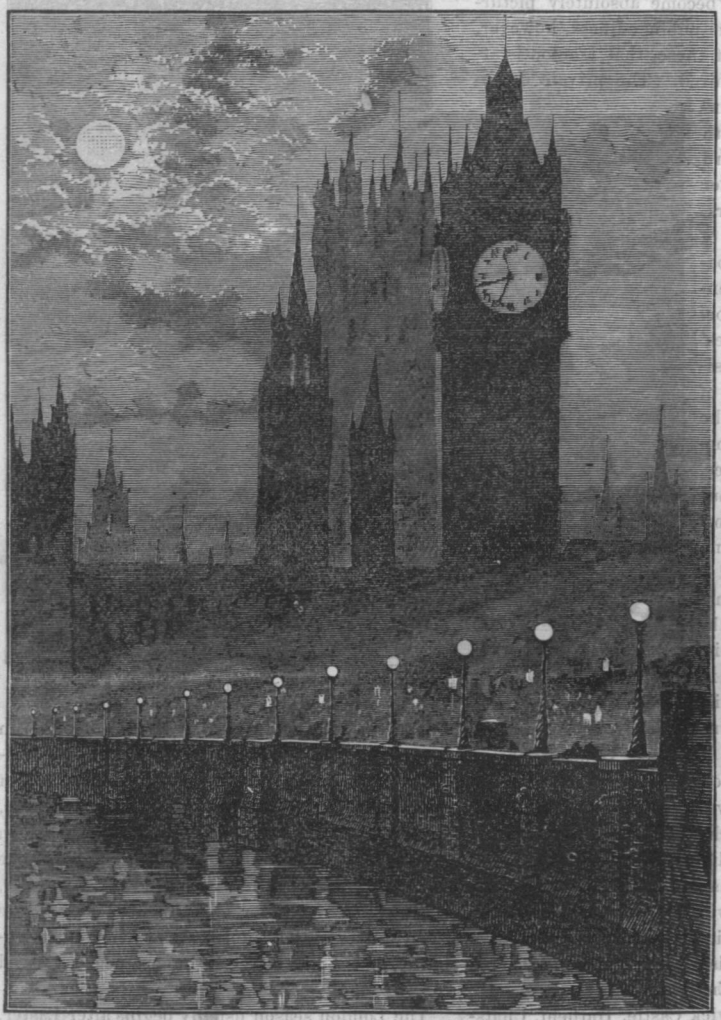


LADIES ON HORSEBACK IN THE LADIES MILE, IN HYDE PARK.

In this respect the English noble differs from the Italian one. The chief pride of the latter is in his town-palace, while that of the former is in his castle, or mansion, in the country. Rome, Florence, Genoa, Verona, Venice, in fact all the Italian cities, are full of splendid palaces, many of them centuries old, created by the nobles. Such families as the Strozzi, the Doria, or the Brignoli, would sooner part with every farm they had than sell their city residences. It has always been so with the Latin races. On the contrary, with Teutonic nations, it is the country home that the patrician takes pride in. This is even more true in England than in Germany. Alwinck Castle, Warwick Castle, Hatfield, Chatsworth, Arundel, and scores of other places, scattered all over England, testify to the splendor with which the British noble surrounds himself on his ancestral estates. Very often the same noble, who has a castle that cost millions, will live in a house in London, not larger than that of a well-to-do New York merchant. There is another thing that seems curious, at first, to an American visiting London. He discovers that the upper classes live in the country in the winter, and in town in summer, thus reversing the practice in America, and even on the continent of Europe. One reason of this is that London, in consequence of the fogs, is not a desirable residence between October and May. A more potent one, however, is that the fox-hunting, coursing, shooting, and other out-of-door pastimes, in which the wealthier English classes delight, come in the autumn and the winter season. As a rule, the English noble, for eight months out of the twelve, lives in the country; and hence his town-house is but secondary in importance compared to his country mansion.

The London season usually begins after Easter, and continues until August. It is true that Parliament assembles in February; but very few members take their families up till later. If the Queen opens Parliament in person, the spectacle is a very grand one. She drives down, in a gilt state-coach, drawn by eight horses superbly caparisoned: the Horse Guards, the most showy cavalry in Europe, riding on either side. The procession is attended, moreover, by the famous "beef-eaters," in the costumes designed by Holbein; and the royal footmen, in scarlet in gold, are simply unsurpassed.

When the Parliament Houses are reached, the Queen alights, is robed in her robes of ceremony, and preceded by the great officers of state, enters the House of Lords. Here she takes her seat on the throne, which is on a platform slightly raised, at the upper end of that magnificent hall. The peers occupy their usual benches below, on the floor, while rows of splendidly attired peeresses sit as spectators, at the sides. The members of the House of Commons are then summoned. These gentlemen are not admitted within what is called "the bar." They are compelled, indeed, to stand during the whole proceedings, that railing separating them from the body of the House. The Prince of Wales, the Princess, and others of the royal family, group around the throne, or at its foot. The Queen reads the speech that has been prepared for her; bows to the audience; withdraws; is disrobed; and drives back to the palace, only too glad, it is said, to have done with the ceremony. The whole affair, from her entrance to her going away, does not last more than half-an-hour.



THAMES EMBANKMENT AT NIGHT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES.

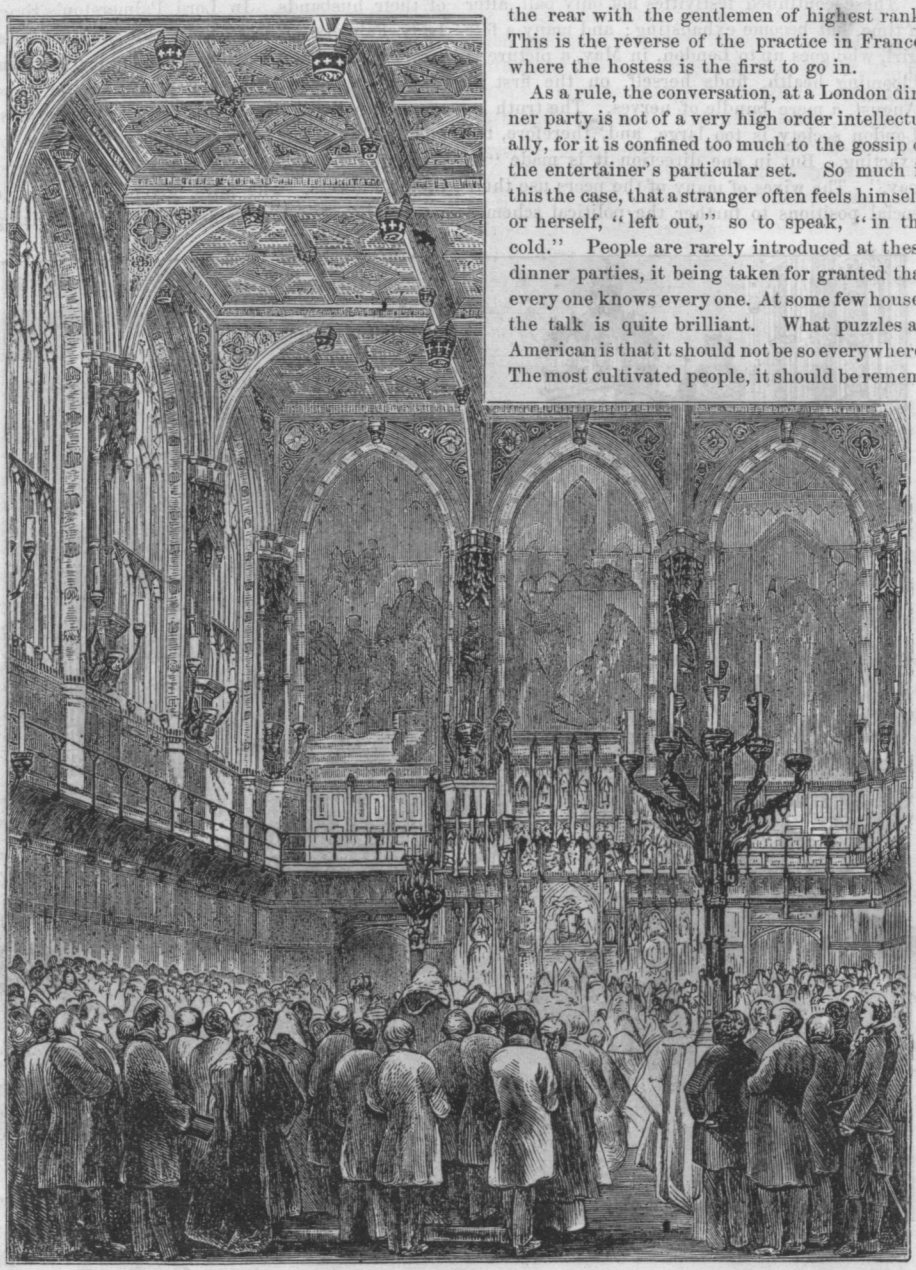
By the first of June, the season has thoroughlyset in,and fashionable London is in a whirl of excitement. Breakfasts, lunches, musical parties, garden parties, and fairs, flower-shows, dinners, the "small and early" dances, and private balls follow on each other incessantly, to say nothing of "at homes," which are almost absolutely without number. At these latter simple entertainments, the refreshments are tea, ice cream, a few cakes, and strawberries and cream. A lady has frequently four or five engagements for the same day or the evening. People hurry from one house to another, having only half-an-hour or so for each. At most of the balls the crowd is uncomfortably dense, the rooms usually being too small for the company, for London houses, as a rule, are not very large. The flowers, at these balls, are in great abundance, decorating the stair-case, and the mantel-pieces, and being festooned from the chandeliers, and grouped about everywhere: these flowers cost from a thousand to two thousand dollars alone. The supper is served, usually, at small tables, holding from four to six persons. The so-called breakfasts begin at two o'clock, in the day, and are really dinners, so far as the menu is concerned.

These continued festivities not only pall, after a time, but become exhausting; and many a fair girl, who goes up to London, in May, a picture of blooming health, finds herself, on the first of August, a mere bundle of nerves. The truth is, London society is too large, and, therefore, too exacting. But in one direction it is made "to pay." The wives of many of the peers use their social positions to further the political schemes of their husbands. In Lord Palmerston's time, Lady Palmerston became, in this way, quite a power. The late Countess of Waldegrave was also of vast service to her party, in the same manner, noticing new members socially ambitious, and making her drawing-rooms a centre of attraction to the chiefs of her political faith and their followers. The fairs, given for charitable purposes, are a less selfish method of utilizing

THE QUEEN GOING IN STATE TO OPEN PARLIAMENT. THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES.

social superiority. At these fairs, the ladies most celebrated for rank or beauty assist at the tables, the Princess of Wales herself often selling flowers.

The most favorite mode of entertaining, however, is at dinner. The number of guests varies from six to thirty, though generally it is about twenty. A footman, in powdered hair, livery, and silk stockings, is usually assigned to every two chairs. A butler, in black coat and white cravat, presides over all. People go in to dinner in the order of their rank. This, to a certain extent, renders a London dinner party less agreeable than an American one, where the guests can be paired off according to their tastes, their sympathies, or their friendships. The meal lasts from an hour and a-half to three hours,



THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. THE COMMONS AT "THE BAR."

though two hours is, perhaps, the average. The gentlemen remain, for awhile, at table, after the ladies leave; but this habit is gradually falling into disuse, and the French custom of all retiring together is taking its place. In going in to dinner, the host offers his arm to the lady of highest rank present, and leads off, his wife bringing up the rear with the gentlemen of highest rank. This is the reverse of the practice in France, where the hostess is the first to go in.

As a rule, the conversation, at a London dinner party is not of a very high order intellectually, for it is confined too much to the gossip of the entertainer's particular set. So much is this the case, that a stranger often feels himself, or herself, "left out," so to speak, "in the cold." People are rarely introduced at these dinner parties, it being taken for granted that every one knows every one. At some few houses the talk is quite brilliant. What puzzles an American is that it should not be so everywhere. The most cultivated people, it should be remembered, go up to London, from every quarter of Great Britain in the season, so that there is an absolute superfluity of social and intellectual talent available for dinner parties. In the last generation, the breakfasts given by Rogers, the poet, and the dinners at Holland House, Carlisle House, and Landsdowne House, were famous. But Rogers,

Lord Holland, and the others are dead, and these brilliant centres of wit and conversation are shut up, and what is more, seem to have left no successors.

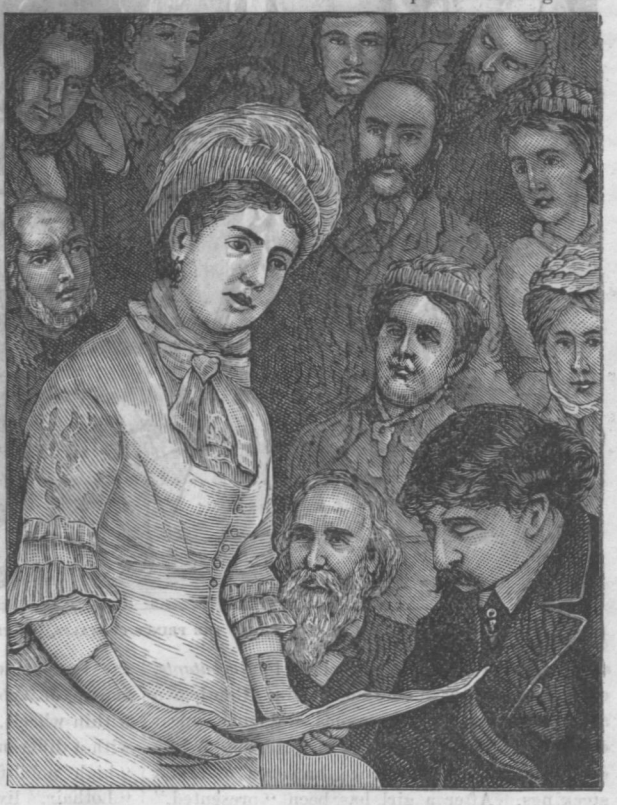
Every year, during the season, the Queen holds one or two drawing-rooms, and several levees. All girls, belonging to the nobility or gentry; are, as a rule, "presented," which means that they go to one of these drawing-rooms, and kiss the Queen's hand. The ceremony is a tedious one for everybody, but most so, perhaps, for the poor Queen. The ladies, whether old or young, have all to wear low-necked dresses, excessive long trains, and high plumes in their hair. They are compelled to wait, in the street, before the palace, in their carriages, in line, no matter how inclement the weather may be; and often for hours; and when they alight, they have again to wait, in the ante-rooms, which are frequently so crowded, that some of the weaker ladies faint. A lady, when her name is called, enters the Throne Room, and advancing to where the Queen is standing, curtesies and kisses the royal hand. Then she backs out, that is walks out backward, for it is considered rude to leave the august presence in any other way. But this manœuvre is

A FLOWER SHOW. THE PRINCE OF WALES, (ON THE RIGHT).

one not easy to execute, especially to a *debutante*, embarrassed with an enormous train. Gentlemen also attend these drawing-rooms, and must appear either in uniform, if entitled to wear one, or in a court-suit, that is in knee breeches and silk stockings. After a girl has been "presented," she is considered to have received the "hall-mark" of "good society." But there are wheels within wheels. There are different "sets," each with a different standard of exclusiveness. The "high nobility," as D'Israeli called them in "Lothair," live very much within themselves.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES SELLING FLOWERS AT A FAIR.

The opera is heard in greater perfection in London than anywhere else. It is true, that, on the continent, the general "get up" is superior. The ballet at Vienna, for example, is especially fine. When Verdi went to Naples, some years ago, to bring out "Aida," there were, in one scene, no less than four hundred persons on the stage. But the prima donna was only second rate. In London, in the season, the prima donnas are Patti and Nilsson, who sing at rival houses, and are sustained by the best bass voices, baritones, tenors, and contraltos. It is rather curious that there is no handsome opera house in London. One was projected, on the Thames Embankment, but the enterprise fell through, and that in the richest city in the world. At Paris, Vienna, Milan and Naples, and even at second-rate capitals like Dresden, there are handsome opera houses. Neither Covent Garden, Drury Lane, nor the Haymarket, the three places where opera is heard in London, can compare with the Philadelphia Opera House, the Academy of Music in New York, or the Opera House of any principal city, east or west, in the United States. Yet it must be confessed, that even old Drury Lane, on a night when Nilsson sings, presents a sight more brilliant than is ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. This is because there are no open seats, except in the parquette, but all round the house, draped boxes, which are crowded, on all such occasions, with beautiful women, superbly dressed, and blazing with diamonds, while in front of the foot-lights, in what are called the orchestra chairs, sit, rows of splendid looking men.



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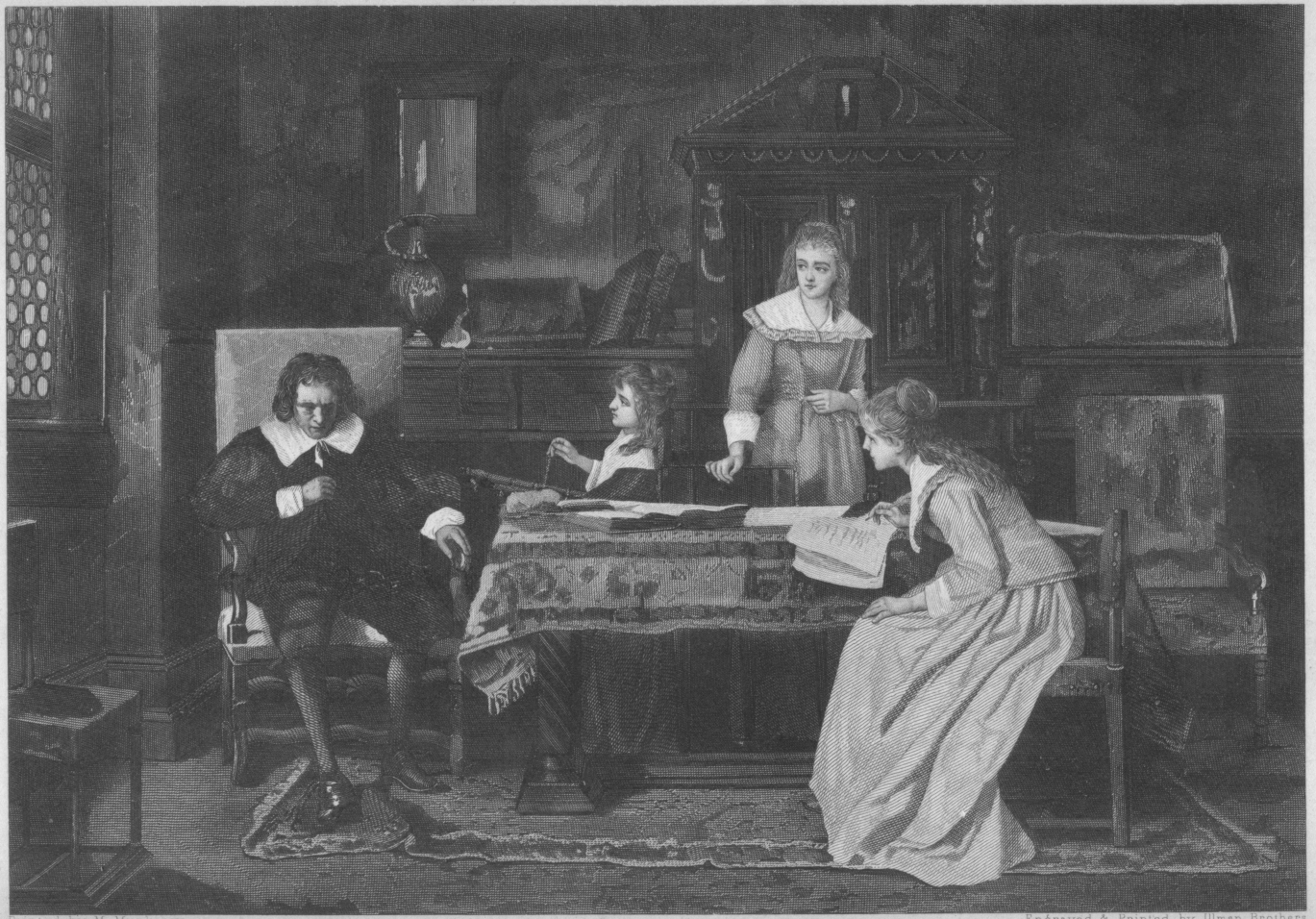

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